THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

SUNSHINE FOR THE MILLION

OR ABRAHAM O'HALL'S RIGH OLD NEW YEAR'S RECEPTIONS.

Bow the Mayor Flanked the Strikers-The Bow the Mayer Flanked the Strikers—The Stery of the Mysterions Bell—O'Hall's Fine Present—Who Called upon him—Firmness of Ex-Surveyor Andrews—Scenes in the City Hall—The Mayer's Speech to the Soldiers.

For the purpose of throwing the political strikers and bummers off the track, Mayor O'Hall

ounced through the newspapers of Sunday and londay that he would not receive visitors as usual the City Hall on New Year's Day. At the same no it was generally understood that those who The Mavor's dodge was entirely successful.

few strikers and bummers called upon him during his stay. A steady stream of distinguished visiters, however, poured into the reception room dureceived them with his usual urbanity. His Honor reached the City Hall early in the morning. He first visited Mrs. George W. Roome, wishing ber a happy new year, and chatted merrily with her for some minutes. He then went out,

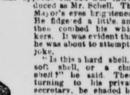
leaving behind him a breast-ARE O'HALL pin and earrings of coral, then went up to the reception room, found his phonographer, Goldsmith, and along the corridor, and anxiously ers through his bair a half dozen times, adjusted his glasses, fastened his cost

o two upper battons of the oost, swung right hand (see cut), and said ; mith, let them come !" ame with a rush. For some minutes the look hands quite lively. NTLEMAN WHO WORKS FOR NOTHING.

lingh and a guttural chuckle was heard i

TOM PIELDS.

A MAJESTIC VISITOR. is was about to say something more



about to say something more, approached, and was introduced as Mr. Schell. The Mayor's eyes brightened. He fidgreed a little and then combed his whiskers. It was evident that he was about to attempt a joke.

"Is this a hard shell, a soft shell, or a cham shell?" he said. Then turning to his private secretary, he chaded his mouth with his hand, and added softo roce, "Gold smith, tage that down in chortband, and put it in the Leuder next week."

Mr. schell folded hisarms scross his breast, and curved one teg like Forrest in Metamora, and tien said in a firm voice.

wisnes you a happy New THE ELBOWS OF THE MINCIO.

As Mr. Schiel took his leave a perfect gentleman opprounded the Mayor. He wore diamonds the color of his c.es, and was fauttessly attired. He was introduced to the Mayor as Mr. Brick.

"Mr. who?" Inquired

of his even, and wis faultiessly attired. He was introduced to the Mayor as Mr. Brick.

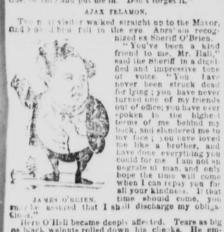
"Mr. who?" inquired Abrucam.

"Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"At this point Goldcamith rushed up to his Honor and whispered: Why, that's a newspaper man. You ought to know him. He's the cuss that wrote about the conditional tribangles and the perpendicular horizontais of the elbows of t'e Minelio; and he's the man who dined and wined Brockinringe at the Blankiam Club, and alterward bored him with a speech; and tels te fellow that makes all the Fench victories for the Mayord, writes the seasy-gapt man on cable desoutches, and dates them from London and then says they come from Major McLein at versaliles; and he's one of the Commissioners for Opening Madison avenne, and—"Great G., why didn't you tell me this before t'er ke in the Mayor. Then rushing after Mr. Brick to bowel clear to the floor, saving: "Excuse me, eir, I hear you're on the World; won't you step one eid and take a drink? I've got some of the meest barring ir ethat you have ever tiste!."

The World man drank. As O'liall parted with him he to dly and fervently pressed his title hand, saving. "If you see anytoing big on Madison avenue, he sure and put me in. Don't forget it."

Ajax Telamon. AJAX TELAMON.



Closs."
Here O'Hell became deeply affected. Tears as big as black walnuts rolled down his checks. He embraced the ex Sheriff with intense emotion, and the two friends separated.

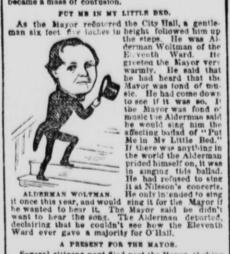
A SOLDIER. "There's a soldier outside, and he wants to see he Mayor; and he's got a figure 6 turned upside lown on his coat," shouted a small boy, with a stye m his left eye, who ran no the room out of

In a the room out of Orestit.

Mayor O'Hall dried bis eyes "When war withits black pinions," and use "oversoread our besutiful land, and the heavens were lighted with the blood red dres of rebellion, a milfion brave men rushed to the iront to preserve the temple of liberty from desecration and to keep the Constitution inviolate. I love these glorious volustices and the state of the constitution inviolate.



ly inextricable confusion. It was hard to say where the man began or the horse left off. At leight the Mayor recognized the hero. He was Col. Fisk. He recognized the Mayor. Handing him a small enve-

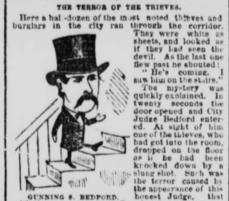


A PRESENT FOR THE MAYOR.

Several citizens next filed past the Mayor, shaking him warmly by the hand. At last a gentleman with a tight-buttoned, bob-tailed coat approached him. He was a good-looking man, wearing

"What is this?" said

THE TERROR OF THE TRIEVES.



GUNING 8. BEDFORD. bonest Judge, it with the exception of the Board of Supervisors, another thief was seen about the City Hall during the day. The Judge was dressed in his usual gotaste. It was noticed that Mayor O'Hall was markably nervous while shaking hands with his ogreat is his admiration for the genius and fir ness of this upright Judge.

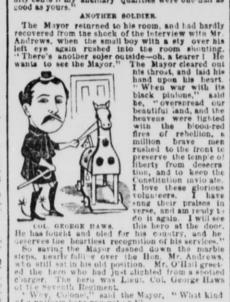
AN UNPLINCHING REPUBLICAN

Again a motley crowd a wept past the Mayor issted five minutes. Then Goids with wish nis Honor that a well-known gentleman was en him on the steps of the Cty Hall. The Mayor took his stave of office and went down. He found the Hon. Rufus X X X. Andrews seated upon the marble steps fronting the Irou gates. "Good morning, Mr. Andrews, very solemnis," I wish you a bappy New Year, sir." "Why, Rufe." answered Mr. O'Hull, "what the devil are you dolughere? Why don't you come up in

"what the devil are you doing here? Why don't you come up in the Governor's Room where it is warm, the RUFUS X. X. X. ANDREWS. In Because I am a Republican, sir—one of the old brass-mounted Republicans, sir—one of the old brass-mounted Republicans, sir—and I can't afford to have my motives misconstrued. It's all very well for Horace Greeley, Thomas Murphy, and the rest of those Tommany Republicans to call upon you, sir, but I want you to understand that I am made of different stuff. I want to be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. I can't afford to call upon you, sir."

Here the Mavor shook hands with Mr. Andrews, saying in a meditative tone, "Rufe, I would give fifty cents if my ancillary qualities were one-half as good as yours."

ANOTHER SOLDIER.



ed the hero who had just alighted from a spotted charger. The hero was Lieut. Col. George Haws of the Seventh Regiment.

"Why, Colonel," said the Mayor, "What kind of a uniform have you got on?"

"Oh. I don't belong to the Seventh any more. I've joined the Shandley Leglon. This is their uniform," was the reply.

"But where did you get your horse?" continued the Mayor.

"Oh, he was sent to me from Michigan," answered the Colonel, accenting the last syliable. "Boss Tweed sent me here. There's a devil of a row in Albany over the Stenkership, The Boss wants you to appoint Larry O'Brien a Judge of the Supreme Court, or Hitchman will be defeated."

"All right," returned the Mayor, "tell the Boss it shall be done," and the hero retired,

THE GREAT GARVET.

His Great Garvet.

A gentleman of magnificent proportions accompanied the Mayor up the steps. It was the world renowned Anily Garvey, Hearing that the Board of Assistant Aldermen met near the Mayor's room, Mr. Garvey lett his magnificent dia mond pin at bome. Mr. Garvey is an exceedingly affible gentleman, thouch suffering from poverty. He has had but little business during the past year. It is not believed that he has drawn more than \$2,000,000 from the city treasury during that time, and for a man with a family this is doing very poorly indeed. With this mone), however, he has buint an humble little cabin in Forty-seventh street, and erected a small wood-shed up at Norwalk, Conn., which he uses as a summer residence. A bettor-hearted man than Mr. Garvey never lived. A finer built man never waiked, and a quieter man never waiked, and a guieter man n

small body. This gentleman placed his left hand upon Mr. O'Hall's table, and struck an attitude, his right hand resting upon his hip.

"The name?" in quired the Mayor, leaning forward.

"Frear." answered the little man with the massive brow.

"Alexander Frear?" asked Oakey, studying the massive brow.

massive brow.

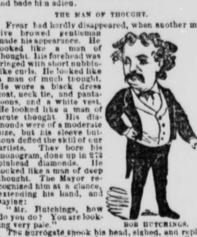
"Alexander Frear?"
asked Oskey, studying the massive brow through his glasses.

"The same, at your service," replied Mr. Frear. "I wish you a happy New Year."

"Thank you," said Mr. O'lail. "I have heard of you frequently, Mr. Frear. The people know you to be bitterly opposed to all street railroad schemes, gas monopoon. That is why they have again redicted you to the Assembly, and that is why I appointed you on one of the Commissioners of Charlites and Correction, although I am irree to say I have never seen your see beione. But you have made one mistake in

Frear was not worth more than a mi

THE MAN OF THOUGHT. Frear had hardly disappeared, when another mas



very paie."

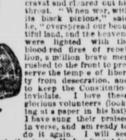
BOB HETCHINGS.

Pro Surrogate shock his head, sighed, and replied a sad tone, "I haven't sight any all night." He sked like a man of extensive thought.

What's the matter? 'inquired Mayor Abraham.

mought, "Ex-Surveyor Anirews's speeches have such a deep impression on my mind that I find it impossible to sleep."
Here the man of profound thought beaved a deep igh, and sadly walked from the room, forgetting to tell the Mayor a happy New Year.

ANOTHER SOLDER. Here the banging of a drum was heard in the Park. The mail boy with the sty on his eye again



The Mayor then went down to the door. Gen. Grainlis stood upon the asphaltum pavement fronting the curb. Lie was beating a drum.

"Happy New Year (boom, boom), Mr. Mayor," banging away upon his drum.

"Thank you," said the Mayor, with both han is on his ears. "What tune are you playin?"

"Hall to the Chief," asswered the General, still himmering away.

"Why didn't you bring your band with you?"

"Because tols thing makes more music than the whole of them," answered the General, marching off.

As the Mayor was about to return to his room, he iaw a suspicious tooking character ricking up a round-topied tax at the foot of a lamp-post. It was Whitelaw Reid in mea's clotting. The Mayor recognized her at once. "It

Whitelaw Reid in men's clothing. The Mayor recognized her at once. 'It is time this thing was stopped,' he muttered. Seeing Capt. Thorne at the corner of the City Hall, he becke ed to him. The Captain approached him, cap in band.

"I want you to arrest her," said Mr. O'Hall, pointing to Whitelaw.

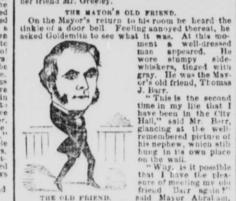
"Well, well, I declare, exclaimed the Captain; "isn's she got up fancy;" "It is your duty to arrest her," continued the Mayor.

"Well, well," answered the Captain; "sie's a in Man's Chothes. harmless little thing, but duty is duty. She's no business in mon's clothing, and law is law."

The Captain then conveyed Whitelaw to the police station, where her pockets were searched. The contents were a copy of The Sun of Oct. 5, a letter from Miss Anna Dickinson, a number o' the Tribune Almarac, an unbound copy of the Cincinnati Directory, and a letter from the great and good Horace Greeley, bitterly complaining that The Sun was constantly shoad of the Tribune in its news. Whitelaw was afterward released at the request of her friend Mr. Greeley.

On the Mayor's return to his room by heart the

THE MATOR'S OLD PRIEND.



that I have the pleasure of meeting my old friend Bair again?"
THE OLD PRIEND. Said Mayor Abraham, squeezing his old triend's hand as if it were a sponge. "Do you remember the time that you was with me, and Dowling, and Brennan in the Sixth Ward, over twenty years ago, when they had the police troubles, and we stopped them?"
Oh, yes," said Mr. Barr. "What's become of Brennan," said Mr. Barr. "What's become of Brennan, Brennan," observed the Mayor, puting his right hand under his let elbow, and meshtatively rubbing his chin. "Let me think. Hum, H-nm! I believe he's been appointed a Deputy Sheriff, or some thing of that kind." Suddenly brightening up—"Yes, I know be is. He and—ah, what's his name—a yiong fellow from the Eleventh Ward are now holding a reception in the Sheriff's office."

ah, what's his hannessy relief from the Eleventh Ward are now holding a reception in the Sheriff's office."

"Where is the Sheriff's office?" Inquired the old friend,

"In the County Court House," was the answer.

"Where is the County Court House?" asked Mr. Barr.

The Mayor directed Goldsmith to show his old friend the Court House. The old associates then indulged in a tearful embrace and separated. Abraham asking affectionately after the health of Mr. Barr's nophow, Brains.

Boss tween's Jester.

The next caller was the Hon. Eugene Durnin, who came with a guitar in his hand. As he entered the presence he took off his hat, a most natty tile, and placing it tenderly ulson the nearest desk, which he carefully dusted with a yellow slik pocket handkerchtef, he bowed politity, and repeated with much force and feeling the greater part of his celebrated City I in a speech, published exclusively in The Sun last soring. He then shook hands with the Mayor, inquired touchingly concerning the ancillary qualities of his Honor's triends and followers, and by special request sang his favorite sone. Close inviolate. I love
Chese glorious volunteers. I have sung
Cheir praises in verse,
and am ready to do it
again. I will see this
JAMES FIRE.
His greeting of the Mayor was extremely cordial. His Honor couldn't have paid more attention
to thim if he has fought and bedserves the heartiest recogsition of his services.

JUDGE MARTINDALE'S FRIEND.

The next person who shook hands with the Mayor
was a gentleman with a massive brow and a

Soring. He then shook
hands with the Mayor,
inquired touchingly concerning the anciliary qualitation of his hor's friends
and followers, and by
saying "Bon sorios."

JUDGE MARTINDALE'S FRIEND.

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Ners pitching about the park in a state of apparent
The next person who shook hands with the Mayor
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soring. He then shook
hands with the Mayor,
inquired touchlogly concerning the anciliary qualitation of his heard of his Honor's friends
and followers, and by
saying "Bon sorios."

Good bye, John.
Don't say long.
Come oack soon to your
own calcabilidy,"

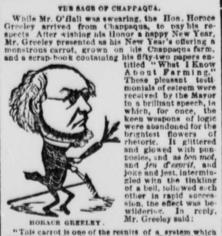
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saying "Bon sories of his Honor's friends
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a

ecuted for the amusement and instruction of his host two or three steps which he has lately invented for the Sailor's Hornpipe as danced by the gay and feative Americus crew out at Greenwich. He also exhibited a small model of the Blarney stone he is about to build, and a design for the Tweed status done in dough. As Durnin went out the mysterious tinkle of a beil again annoyed the Mayor, so much so that he swore.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1871.

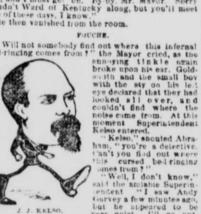
TER SAGE OF CHAPPAQUA.



John McBride Davidson, who, "accounted as he was" (see picture), plunged into the room with a hearty laugh, and gave the Mayor such a grip with

he's the breakand at a story yon ever saw-except Ward of Kentucky, Ward ought to be here; you'd like him. He can spin a parti colored yaru almost as well as you can. No thanks. I believe in acknowledging merit wherever I find it. Happy New Year, Mr. Mayor. Why don't you run up to see me? Come and look at my Dote's, you know; and

FOUCHE.



above out was taken as he appeared when going for the door. A SAILOR C. LLS.

J. J. KEL80.

The next visitor was the jobly tar of the Herald. He rolled into the room with a free and easy air. He was a remarkably bandsome sailor boy. He was a remarkably bandsome sailor boy.

"Tip us your flipper,
my bearty," he said,
hasling up alongside of
his Honor.

The flipper was tipped. The handsome
young sailor touched
his tongue to his right
hand, and then gave
the Mayor's flipper a
aqueeze that brought
the brine into his
Honor's tarry tor lights.
"Avast there, you

the brine into his
Honor's tarry topicals.
"Avast there, you
bloody land lubber,"
shouted the nindsome
young sailor, as one of
Abrabra's Secretaries
approached him. "I
swing my New Year's
hammock with masters
—not with forecastie
sweeps. Keep your place forward, and turn out
when you're piped, and be d—d to you!"
"How's your craft, now?" inquired the Mayor.
"She's been waterlogged for some time, but since
she got rid of your crew she's righted. She's now
beating dead against the wind. But sile is trim and
s'anch, and looking out for squalls at Albany."
Here a great noise was beard in the cortidor, and
the handsome young sailor rushed out. The small
boy with a sty over his left eve had fallen down
stairs. The noble young sailor picked him up, gave
him five cents for his New Year's, and rolled over
to the Herald office.

THE GREAT DR. HELMBOLD.

THE GREAT DR. HELMBOLD.

A shout in the Park attracted the Mayor's attention. O'Hall looked out of the window. The great Dr. Helmbold dashed across the plaze. He was mounted on Buchu, this well-known Hottentot steed. This animal is the faster than Dexier. He is valued in \$990,000. It has cost middle to the control of the present rate of speed, he was bought in Philadelphia seven years ago, and brought to this city at an expense of \$20,000. The Doctor dismounted and ran up to the reception room, hayor Abraham greeted him very cordially.

"Young Mr. Bennett told me you were coming, Doctor," said ne. "I am glad to see you."

"Yes," replied the Doctor: "I've been out with young Jim on his yacht. It's a fine vessel. I've half a notion to buy her. I've got a model of her on top of my drug store, She's the matest vessel in the world when she's fast to a dock, but she's named wrong; she ought to be called the Dauntwin."

The Mayor started. "Put that in next week's Leader; don't forget it," he said to Goldsmith.

The Doctor then gave the Mayor a bottle of buchu and departed, exclaiming, "Way don't you stop that bell ringing?" THE GREAT DR. BELMBOLD.

A MAJOR GENERAL CALLS.

While the mysterious bell was still tinkling, the smail boy, with a sty on his left eye, again durted into the room,

"Hi, here's another General below wants to see the Mayor," he stid.

The Mayor cleared out his throat, nipped the bridge of his nose with his glasses, and said:
"When war with its black pinions overspread our beautiful land, and the heavens were lighted with the blood-red fires of rebellion, a million brave men rushed to the front [looking at a manuscript in his hal] to—to—to preserve the temple of liberty from desecuations and to keep the Constitu-A MAJOR GENERAL CALLS.



fought for his country, and he deserves the heartiest recognition of his services."

Down the marble steps went Mr. O'Hall as light as a feathe. Major-Gen. Wm. M. Tweed, Jr., of the

than to have given \$50,000 to the poor and \$1,000 to the Fenian prisoners. It's a disgraceful act. I wouldn't have done it. The Heratd's articles are just. A Fun reporter lost five dollars betting that I would be seen to the Heratd's articles are just.



A. Mr. O'Hall reëntered the reception cle in the of a bell was again heard. was about to break on t into a fit of race, when the gental Alderman Jerome saluted him. The Alderman was dressed as he was dressed when performing in North Carolina in the character of Col. Hookins of the Confederate army, and seiling Gen. Baxter of Vermont, and George Cecil. He told Baxter that he had killed twenty-six six-foot Verment mudsids in one day with his own gun. "I shot them all in the back," said he. "Their feet were like eriddies—so d—d big it at I had to go and shove them over after they were shot," Write B xter and

During Jerome's visit the tinkle of the mysterious peil became so troublesome that Abraham was quite beside itimself. "What can have become of Keiso?" he cried, but no one answered, Just then an awfully homely gentleman entered.

"Who are you?" blurted out the excited Nayor.
"My name is Smith," replied the awfully homely gentleman.

Green Savings Bank, swered the private secretary, swered the Mayor,

Next entered a short, heavy, solid man with a florid condenance, who might well pass for a Wall street bull, and preceding him was the card,

Well pass for a W BUOH J. HASTINGS.

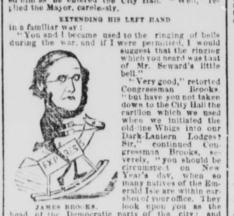
Con merci adverser.

"Ono!" quoth the Mayer, as the distinguished Alibanian brushed in, "so I have the honor of greeting the only man that ever revived a corpse."

"Not so fast," interrupted the accomplished politician of the Commercial; "Your Boss remewed your political hite before I resuscitated the Adversacy."

The Mayor evidently did not reinsh the joke, and the interview was terminated by the stately tread of a tail, insughtful person of commanding figure, who entered the preseace unannounced, and without the first formwitty of the season demanded the meaning of the tintingabulation which had rected him as he entered the City Hall. "Well," relied the Mayor, carelessly.

EXENDING HIS LEFT HAND



head of the Democratic party of the city; and you should not even in your unexplained love of inane jokes—for a moment hint that the great leaders of the New York Democracy wer once great as leaders of the Know-Nothings.

The Maror begged off, and the Congressman criedquits, and with a lofty bow departed.



than ever. Before the Mayor could vest his feel-

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

Again the small boy with the sty on his eye attracted the Mayor's attention.

"There's another soler down stairs, and he's a callin' for the Mayor," he shouted, flipping up to the ceiling the five cent coin given to him by the handsome young sailor.

The Major ran his hair through his fingers, and tried to look noble.

"When war with it is black pinions," said he, "overspread our beautiful land, and the heavens were lighted with the blood-red fires of rebellion, a million brave men rushed to the front to preserve the temple of liberty from desecration, and to keep [looking at a paper in his lat]—to keep—the Constitution inviolate. I love these glorious volunteers. I have sunz their praises in verse, and am ready to do capt. W. W. KIPP. It again. I will see this hero at the door. He has fought and bled for his country, and he deserves the beartiest recognition of his services."

Abraham then rushed for the pixes. There stood

THE PHOTOGRAPHER



Mayor
"Can you play
"Where are the Friends
of My Youth?" askel
O'Hail, pointing to the "Never mind," said the Mayor. "So that's rour instrument," pointing to it, and receiving an assenting nod. "I thought it was a hurd-gurds.

Fredricks nooded.

Fredricks nooded.

The provided the Mayor of the color of the City Hall provided the provided the provided the provided the provided the provided the color of the City Hall provided the provided th organ.
"I'm not a musician.
I'm a photographer,"

sach upside down in his box, held his wieft hand, and drew off the black alpaca.

why, you see that the focus was: 't right to catch the Park.' said the photographer. "The focus was one of the fourth-story windows of the Times but ding." GEORGE JONES. "And who is this?" asked the Mayor.
"That? Why, that's George Jones, the editor of the Times," said the photographer. "Don't you see he's actually reading his own paper. He'll be asleep in a minute"
"So this is the man who had his nose pulled by Cyrus Fleid," murmured the Mayor, taking another look at the photograph.
"The very man," answered 2Fredricks, as he slung his irstrument on his back, and left the room.

THE LAST CALLER.

It was now 1 o'clock. The Mayor put on his hat

It was now I o'clock. The Mayor put on his hat and gloves, sent bis military speech over to Sheriff Breenan, and went up to No. 140 West Thirty-fourth. This was Mr. Peter Brains Saceny's house. The Mayor was much worried because Peter Brains had not called mined to call on Peter on him. He determined to see him to day. If he wants to see me, he must call at my office in business hours.

At six P. M., Big Jünge Connolly reached the City Hall. He put his head within the door of Geo. Roome's private appriments—see cut]—saying:

"Is the Mayor in ?"

No. he's gone," said the gode, "I heard he wishaving a reception, and I just come down from Yorkville. Harry Murray and then brewed a hot panch. The Big Judge and Harry Murray, and then brewed a hot panch of the panch of



PRICE TWO CENTS.



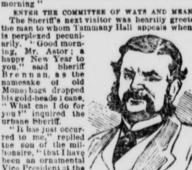
COMMODORE VANDERBILT at le Sheriff.

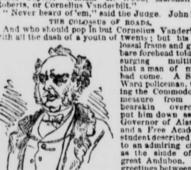
"Give me a berth as Deputy Sheriff, Mr. Brennap, to fall back upon when Jim Fisk cleans out the Hariem and Rudson River and Central."

with a face illumined by smiles, hopped out of the Sheriff's office, an uproar arose in the corridors. High above the Babel of cheers and shouts for wel-come rose the shrill and unintelligible voice of a



it's not strange you should fail of a "'Pon me woord, Joodge, I hear 'better thing here thou the Herald eve culled noo to see could ye just as weel deputy?' "Don't mention it, Mr. Bennett," Sheriff. "Pil send the appointment a morning"







High above the Babel of cheers and shouts of welcome rose the shrill and unintelligible voice of a MANWHORUNALLHISWORDSTOGETHER.

"Tweedy!" shouted the multitude.

"Tweedy !!" shouted the multitude.

"Tweedy !!" shricked an enthusiastle Seventh Warder.

"Tweedy !!

"What is that new design on your badge?" inquired the Sheriff.



